

NEW, POETICAL

74
TOASTS and SENTIMENTS.

May we never grow sick, till our glaſs we forſake;
Then a leaſe of good health we for ever may take.

May our Councils be wiſe, and our Commerce
increase,
And in Britain, may Troubles and Faction long
ceaſe.

Let us toast our own Treasures, Old England's
good cheer,
The profits and pleaſures of ſtout Britiſh Beer,

May no true ſon of Neptune e'er flinch from his
gun,
Or a bold ſon of Mars be ſeen ever to run.

Long on this favour'd iſle may fair Liberty ſmile,
And bleſs us with Brunſwick's illuſtrious line.

May our Dealings be juſt, and our Conſciences
clear,
We'll be richer than thoſe who have thouſands a
year.

May Mirth, and good Fellowſhip always abound,
Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.

May Beauty and Wine e'er prepare us a feaſt,
And ſmiling Good Nature bid welcome each gueſt.

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